

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 27.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
 Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
 Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
 Deputy Sheriff, R. K. Burns.
 Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown.
 Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.
 Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
 Commissioners Co Court, C. E. Beard,
 G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
 County Surveyor, George Baxter.
 Coroner, George P. Moore.
 Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split
 Rock; Charles Cook, H.
 Crose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown,
 Dunmore; G. B. Curry, Academy;
 Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October. County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEILL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
 HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,
 MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,
 MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
 BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
 MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,

HAS LOCATED AT
 FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

How are times in Pocahontas?

Does anybody know. Is there no money in the county or is it just hoarded away. There was a time, which the youngest of us can remember, when a man could count on getting money at a certain time in the future. He could count on it so surely that he could spend his bottom dollar and be easy in his mind. Now-a-days a man is afraid to pay his debts for fear that there will be a more urgent need of a little cash the next day. Money will spend itself, they say, but while money is dribbled out, here and there, the county will not be flooded with currency—the state of affairs we so fervently desire. In those days not so long ago if a man had fifty dollars he was not afraid to spend it, knowing there was more where that came from. Now if he has fifty dollars he does not spend it, nor does he even want any one to know he has it. The lack of confidence is as great a drag on a farming country like ours as it is in great commercial centers, with the difference that in the Stock Exchange men go in for making fortunes, and with us, for making livings. The farmers are notorious for being in debt, partly because they do not make a great deal in the clear, but more especially because their land is the best security in the world, and their road to debt is made easy, by willing creditors. There is another trouble, too, they do not owe each other. Their debts are due the merchants, which really means they owe the wholesale dealers in Baltimore, or some other distant city. We smile sometimes when we see an exception to the rule—one of our farmer friends who would break his neck in his hurry to pay a debt of twenty-four hours standing. But he has had plenty of object lessons to teach him all his life the horrors of being in debt. Some men have never known what it was to be free. They inherited the encumbrance with their estate; they spend their lives in its shadow; and die at the very place they began. It is too much like swimming against a current. Interest is the nightmare. Money on interest, and there is a world of it, doubles itself in about sixteen years. Has this vast wealth of wild land brought the owners anything in sixteen years? What other property increases and yields without constant labor or other expenditure? Thirty years ago a man may have paid one thousand dollars for a tract of land that he cannot sell for more now. He can not see but that he would have lived as easily without it. Let us calculate what his money would have been worth to him lent thirty years ago, he having pursued the simple plan of renewing the notes every ten years, at six per cent. interest, making four notes. 1865 it is \$1000; 1875, \$1600; 1885, \$2560; 1895, \$4196. Here is a lesson for us. The men around us who are in debt, whose case is hopeless, are those who have no money of their own drawing interest to offset them. They will know the relief of owing no man a dollar some day, and of having no property to worry them. Times are bound to get better, and people will be parted with their money more easily, though the Sheriff may ride all day and not get a dollar now. Just now we are living on credit, which means

that there is going to be a time in the future when money is to come in and pay up these accounts. Another year may see a railroad here, and the timber being marketed. While it is going it may be a short life but it will be a merry one. May next summer find every one of us with a pocketful of money.

HICKS is greatly blamed with making this winter so rough. His February forecasts are such as strike terror to the soul of the survivor. The storms originating in January will subside by the 2d, and the cold wave following them will have crossed the country to the Atlantic. Along about the 5th or 6th reactionary storms will set in, which will be continued about the 7th, 9th, and 13th. Along these dates hard storms will occur. Snow in the north, rain in the south, threatening and unsettled weather. Cyclones and tornadoes are among the probabilities. Quick and extreme changes to very cold will follow all storms this month. The 17th and 18th will bring storms with changes to warmer. The bad time, though, is the 22d to 24th, when we are to have storms long to be remembered. This storm is to cap the climax of the winter. Look out for awful floods and ice. Fellow sufferers, we are in the grip of Jupiter, with Mars and Venus cutting in. "The moon when full on the 9th is in Perigee, and not responsible for its actions. Get in a lot of wood and "stand by!"

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. S. A. Cunningham, proprietor, we are in receipt of the late numbers of the *Confederate Veteran*. As would be implied by the name, this beautiful magazine is published in the interests of Confederate veterans and kindred topics. It is tastefully illustrated and filled with matter dear to the heart of an old soldier.

To come to the practical part of this matter, this magazine can be secured for the sum of one dollar per year, and there is not an old soldier in the county but what should send in a subscription. The cause that failed is still a sacred cause to him, and year by year he fights his old battles over again. This periodical is the official organ of 500 camps, and has a wonderful circulation extending over the whole of the South.

On the title page we find these lines: "Though men deserve, they may not win success. The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less."

Subscriptions may be sent to the address of the *Veteran*, Nashville, Tenn., or if left at this office will receive prompt attention.

To fully realize the flight of time you must get one of these pad calendars, such as the Pope Man'fg. Co. send out each year, from which you have to tear off a sheet every day. Some morning you will raise your hand to tear the leaf off and be startled to see that it has been twenty days, or ten days since you touched it last. You remember perfectly that you were tearing off the leaves, as you thought, tolerably regularly. As you think about it you begin to believe you are being cheated out of part of your time, and, like maiden ladies, be old before you know it.

A BUSINESS seldom amounts to enough to give all the employees the credit they claim.

GRANDMOTHER GRAGG.

A Remarkable Old Lady; has 110 Descendants Living. A Sketch of Her Life.

Special Correspondence.

BACK ALLEGHANY, W. VA., January 28th, 1895.—Mrs. Gragg, the subject of this sketch, living in this neighborhood, was born in Pendleton County in 1808, being at this time 87 years of age. At nineteen she married Zebulon Gragg from which union she reared thirteen children. She has lived in the counties of Pendleton, Highland, Pocahontas, Lewis, Ritchie, and Gilmor. For thirty years she has been a widow. Her husband is remembered by the older people of Pocahontas as being the most accomplished boxer and fighter of his day. He was never whipped but once, and that time he encountered one William Keister, of Pendleton County. Keister was a man weighing over two hundred pounds. Gragg weighed 135 pounds. Gragg in parrying one of Keister's blows, had his arm broken. Keister could hit with the force of a sledgehammer. Mrs. Gragg is a member of the Lutheran Church, having been confirmed in her eighteenth year by Pastor Reamenchneider, and has thus been a consistent christian for sixty-nine years. She has living at this time sixty-four grandchildren and thirty-three great-grandchildren. She is never idle, putting in most of her time knitting. She does not use spectacles. About twelve years ago an accident deprived her of the power of walking. Still she is far from being a burden on any one, and sits quietly in her arm chair all day, and can dress and undress herself without assistance. On being asked if she did not get very tired of sitting still, she replied, "Oh no! I am used to it." She is an interesting talker, and your correspondent has passed many moments in pleasant conversation with her.

Adventure in China.

Mr. A. Sydenstricker who, went from this county as a missionary to China, writes of an attack made upon him by some stragglers of the Chinese army. His letter is dated on November 24th, at Tsing-Kiang-Pu. He had made an excursion to some out stations, and with Mr. H. W. White, another missionary, was in danger of being mobbed in the city of Hsu-Chow-Fu. They escaped by rushing into the residence of an official, and were furnished an escort out of the city the next day.

On his way back he received news of the war and state of affairs at Peking, and word from Chin-Kiang that the foreign ladies and children had better go down. This aroused him to hurry on alone. He was traveling in a cart drawn by a mule. He met thousands of soldiers straggling to Peking, but was not molested until within about ten miles of his destination. Here two soldiers jumped into the cart, and said it was theirs. The missionary made resistance, and they caught hold of the mule and swore they would kill him. One of them struck him some heavy blows with his sword, but the padded Chinese costume of the missionary saved him from being hurt. Then the other soldier picked up a pole five or six feet long, and struck at him. The first stroke missed, but the second fetched him a stunning blow, but which was not serious. Seeing that this assailant really meant murder, the missionary escaped, leaving the cart and mule in their hands.

From the letter Mr. Sydenstricker has evidently left the interior by this time. He speaks of the country as being in an uproar with no chance for him to work. The letter ends with these words: "I hope our people at home will not be uneasy about our safety. We try to be prudent, but at the same time faithful to the work. We are immortal till our work is done."

An Indian Raid.

The following from *Stewart's Memoir*, is an account of an Indian raid on the early settlements of Greenbrier Valley. The course of their travels lay between Greenbrier county and Rockbridge, and it is almost certain that the route lay by this place. The following account is taken from reprint in the *West Virginia School Journal* where it is credited to "Lewis' History of West Virginia."

"The Indians commenced hostilities in 1763, when all the settlements in the Greenbrier valley were totally cut off by a party of Indians headed by the Cornstalk warrior. The chief settlements were on Muddy creek. The Indians, in number about sixty, introduced themselves into the people's houses under the mask of friendship, and every civility was offered them by the people, providing them with victuals and accommodations for their entertainment, when, on a sudden, they killed the men and made prisoners of the women and children. Then they passed over into the Levels, where some families were collected at the house of Archibald Clendenin where they were entertained, as at Muddy creek, in the most hospitable manner. Clendenin having just arrived from a hunt, with three fat elks, they were plentifully feasted. In the meantime an old woman with a sore leg was showing her distress to an Indian, and inquiring if he could administer to her relief; he said he thought he could; and drawing his tomahawk, instantly killed her and all the men almost that were in the house. Conrad Yolkam only escaped by being some distance from the house, when the outcries of the women and children alarmed him. He fled to Jackson's river and alarmed the people, who were unwilling to believe him until the approach of the Indians convinced them. All fled before them; they were pursued to Carr's creek, in Rockbridge county, where many families were killed or taken by them. At Clendenin's a scene of much cruelty was performed; a negro woman, who was endeavoring to escape, killed her own child, who was pursuing her crying, lest she might be discovered by its cries. Mrs. Clendenin did not fail to abuse the Indians with terms of reproach, calling them cowards, although the tomahawk was drawn over her head with threats of instant death, and the scalp of her husband lashed about her jaws. The prisoners were all taken over to Muddy Creek, and a party of Indians retained there until the return of the others from Carr's Creek, when the whole were taken off together.

On the day they started from the foot of Keeney's Knob, going over the mountain, Mrs. Clendenin gave her infant child to a prisoner woman to carry, as the prisoners were in the centre of the line with the Indians in the front and rear, and she escaped into a thicket and concealed herself until they all passed by. The cries of the child soon caused the Indians to inquire for the mother, who was missing; and one of them said he would soon bring the cow to her calf. Taking the child by the heels, he beat its brains out against a tree, and throwing the body down in the path, all marched over it until its entrails were trampled out by the horses. She said she returned that night in the dark to her own house, a distance of more than ten miles, and covered her husband's corpse with rails which lay in the yard where he was killed in endeavoring to escape over the fence with one of his children in his arms. Then she went to a cornfield, where great fear came upon her, and she imagined she saw a man standing by her within a few steps.

The Indians continued the war until 1754, and with much depredation on the frontier inhabitants, making incursions as far as within a few miles of Staunton."